

ALUMNAE NEWS

OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

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NINETEEN THIRTEEN

By Bertha Marvin Lee

On receipt of our Christian Association calendar for this year, an able lawyer from a sister state writes: "It somehow brings you and your great work, the actual, visible arena of your toil and your triumphs very close to one as that calendar, with its picture of the State Normal College, hangs up in full view. A kinsman of mine quite opened my eyes as to the magnitude of your College, after he had visited Greensboro last fall. I hope that the incoming year of grace, 1913, may be the very best yet for you; that it may bring you success and great happiness—and I feel sure it will, for while in no way superstitious that I am aware of, I have observed that, contrary to the popular idea, the number 13 has always been associated with success and prosperity, and is a good omen. Anyway, you keep your eye on 1913!"

What shall the year mean to our Alma Mater? to our alumnae scattered abroad? to the faculty and students here? What should be the Editors' First Message to you and to ourselves? A jest about the "unlucky number"? a song of the past? a warning for the future? a hope, a challenge, or a prophecy?

My heart is almost bursting to give expression to what I deem essential to the beneficent future of our College and to the honor and happiness of us all. A multitude of words springs to my tongue—and yet I will not utter them. Who am I to pose as saint or prophet? I write instead the serene heart's utterance of a noble gentleman who is at one and the same time a scientist, a teacher and a poet. I call his message the Constitution of the Kingdom, and I make it the message of the Alumnae News to you.

The teaching of the Sermon on the Mount is superior to time and circumstance.

The beatitudes form the text of the discourse and are the pillars of the constitution of the kingdom.

When Jesus said "Blessed are the poor in spirit," he did not mean to commend the Uriah Heeps. He could never have said that the poor-spirited were blessed, for they are not and never were. Neither did he mean to glorify cowardice. Cowards do not possess the kingdom of God. Jesus meant by "poor in spirit" those who think humbly enough of their opinions to be willing to change them when they find better, those who hold themselves forever in a receptive attitude toward truth.

If we follow the biologist as he traces the development of animal life from the amoeba up to the philanthropist and statesman, we find that the test upon which he lays largest emphasis is the development of the nervous system and therefore the capacity to suffer.

When we come to man we find that keenness of suffering for self and others differ-

entiates the nobleman from the barbarian.

Suffering may make one hard, bitter and cynical, or gentle, patient, tender, and large hearted. Of such as turn their hard experiences to good account, Jesus said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." The Greek word here translated "comfort" means "to arouse to courage". Blessed is the man who sustains such a severe shock that the spell of the external world is broken and he finds real self and God, and in so doing grows steady and brave.

"Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

Meekness—What is meekness?

1. It is perfect conformity to God's will and co-operation with it.

2. It is self control, the result of the dedication of self to a great principle.

3. It is calmness produced by the consciousness of power.

Brute strength and self-assertiveness must go down before the calm, patient, determined souls who, knowing God's will, dare do it. Thunder makes a great noise, but the force of gravitation is a million times as strong.

The meek may not have the world yet, but they are getting it more and more every day. No question is ever settled until it is settled right and it is a consummation devoutly to be wished that the meek should control the world.

"Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled."

There is no blessing promised to those who hunger and thirst after rewards of righteousness. The only way to find heaven is to find fitness for heaven by practicing righteous conduct on earth. There is nothing in heaven that can minister to the happiness of a person that has not learned to love goodness, forbearance, forgiveness and unstinted generosity. We are looking for happiness in external things. Jesus says it is found in right disposition.

When we get near to the heart of the Father, we find that mercy and justice are not antagonistic qualities, but are manifestations of a common principle—love. The growth of the spirit of Christ in the world is measured by the degree in which this revelation of justice and mercy is accepted as true. The feeling toward a criminal, once universal, was: He must be punished retributively, because he deserves to be. The feeling coming to be general is: He must be punished because he needs to be.

Mercy is the highest ethical incentive. "Blessed," said Jesus, "is the man who, with a spirit of 'real' love, tries to give to every man what he needs; for, in so doing, he gets what he himself needs." In order to give it, he must in a certain sense; have it; but the very effort to impart it to others brings him into a surer and larger possession of it.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

A telescope is a good thing, but not for seeing God. The physicist's scales are a good

thing, but not for weighing spirit; chemistry is a good thing, but not for analyzing life. Logic is a good thing, but not for proving God.

Jesus said: "You are looking for God with the wrong instrument and in the wrong place. You can find Him. You can know Him. The instrument by which you see and know Him is a pure human heart."

Jesus predicted the coming of a time when men would no longer say the great warriors, the bloody fighters, the gory chieftains are God's sons, but "the peace-makers are the true sons of God."

The man who has opened his mind to truth, has drawn strength from suffering, has adopted God's will as his own, whose supreme desire is to do good, whose plan of action is to give every man what he needs, whose moral purpose is so pure that his heart is a mirror in which the Father's face is reflected—that man shares God's peace and, in a disordered world, becomes a peace-maker. Some day all men will look upon such unselfish and spotless gentlemen as God's true sons.

Jesus said to those who agreed to follow him: "I have told you what sort of spirit you should cultivate. Go to work. The world needs you. I mean for you to be the salt of the earth and the light of the world. Is there a quality you possess that is good and wholesome? Then the world needs it. Go and give it away. This world needs more light. Mingle with your fellows and shine like the unselfish sun."

Listen to the Great Encourager. The world needs you. However little or large you are, however feeble or great your powers of service, the world needs you.

Do not imagine that all Pharisees are dead. Are you depending upon rites and ceremonies for your salvation? Do you think because your parents were good people and prayed for you and had you baptized, or because you attended Sunday School, or because you are regular in your attendance on church service every Sunday, and take the sacramental elements on communion days; or pay your preacher; or read a chapter in your Bible every day—do you think because of these things you will get into the kingdom? If you do, you are a foolish Pharisee.

From the standpoint of Jesus, the man who depends for salvation on something other than godly character is a fool. Character is heaven or hell. Do you love your Father in heaven with an undivided and sincere affection? Do you love your faulty, blundering, suffering fellowmen as you do yourself? Is your object in life not to grasp and hold, but to give and bless? Then you are led by the Spirit of God and no power can keep you out of the kingdom. Whatever may be your relation to any visible organization, you are in the kingdom already.

Our fault findings are of two sorts:

First. We are disposed to condemn vices in others that collide with similar vices in

ourselves. The pot is much disposed to call the kettle black.

Second. We condemn vices that are the direct opposites of our virtues. This is a silly way we have of paying ourselves compliments.

"Judge not," says the Master. All men are not alike, and conduct that is tolerable in one man is exceedingly blameworthy in another. It is necessary in making up a correct judgment to take into consideration hereditary influences, the circumstances of the early training, as well as the school of morals in which a man has been reared.

Nearly always fault-finding makes a bad matter worse. The way to get men to live clean, buoyant, loveful, abounding lives is not to be forever nagging, hectoring, carping, criticising and fault finding. Give men credit for all the good you can. It takes a finer eye to see the good in people than the bad, but find it if you have to strain your eyes a little. It will do your neighbor good and it will do you good.

THE HEART'S SECRET

How readily cheeks of men grow hot!
Swift to be judges, though knowing not
The numerous voices by which are measured
The secret of hearts, in their strongholds' treasured.

Each heart has a door to a mystery—
The chamber is locked, none finds the key.
There's a lamp within, and the oil that feeds it

Is the secret that dies with the man; none reads it.

Each goes on his road, with that keyhole's ray

On his sleep by night, on his walk by day.
'Tis the light of his steps, though he wander far,

To the goal of his journey, his guiding star.
—From the Swedish of Verner von Heidenstam.

MRS. GOODWIN'S PAPER, FOUNDER'S DAY, 1911

A MESSAGE FROM THE CLASS OF 1893

1. As we return today from every quarter of the Old North State to celebrate the natal day of our loved Alma Mater it becomes my pleasant duty to recall to you a little of the first chapter of the first book of her life story, and bear to you greetings from the class of '93.

2. There are with us today a number who were with us a fifth of a century ago, as we threw open wide the portals of this institution to the band of eager girls who had, some of them, been waiting long for this opportunity.

3. Our stately, gracious lady principal, who has found the spring of perpetual youth, was as ready then as now with wise counsel, gentle admonitions, and friendly comfort.

4. Mr. Forney, Misses Fort, Mendenhall, and Boddie were strong, staunch friends in that first year of experiment and uncertainty, upholding the inexperienced hands of our mother. They have given, without

reservation, the best years of their lives to her upbuilding and have stood loyal and loving during her darkest hour. To these we extend sincerest love and greeting. "Zeke" was indispensable 20 years ago as he is today. May these tried and true ones long be vital factors in the college life.

5. Others are here who were in the college family that first year. Misses Jamison, Lee, Exum, Spier, Petty, Michaux, Weatherspoon, and last but by no means least, Annie Melver was the tiny college pet. Our beloved Mrs. Melver, who grows nearer and dearer to the college life as the years go by, furnished many happy hours to us that are still a joy in memory.

To these we extend cordial greetings.

6. This first class was unique in the history of the college. With one exception, Miss Lee, our baby, we were teachers of several years' experience, and realized our needs and the opportunity before us.

7. We have the proud boast of being the originators and charter members of most of the college organizations. We recall with great glee the frequent and exciting meetings, from one to four per day, ranging from 20 minutes to 5 hours in length ere the two literary societies came into being. We well remember our feelings of awe and timidity as most of us for the first time heard our own voices leading in public worship, in the Christian Association.

8. We are proud of the growth and development of these, our children, and feel that we do not place an over-estimate on them when we say that they are the two most potent influences in college life upon the character and poise of the student body.

9. It was the class of '93 that established the first fellowship—the nucleus of the present Alumnae Loan Fund.

Gold and white, which later in the year became the college colors, were ours. The daisy, now the college flower, was ours.

10. Our class is thus far unique in another respect, in that it extends to you all a double greeting tonight from the first and second generations.

11. Our class was rich in what she gave to the world. First and foremost our dearly loved, sainted founder was peculiarly ours. Our association together was not only as a teacher and student, but as comrades, and associates, conferring together, planning together, laboring together, as dear intimate friends, for one common cause, to make this school the greatest college in the South, and ourselves worthy to be her first offspring.

12. In a few short years we saw our loved founder recognized, not by posterity, but by his contemporaries, as the foremost citizen of his generation in his beloved State.

13. Another star in the galaxy of our faculty of those first years was J. Y. Joyner, who now holds the chief executive educational office in our State; E. A. Alderman, now at the head of the proud old university of our adjoining northern sister State; P. P. Claxton, now holding the highest educational honor in the gift of the people of our nation. Of these we are justly proud. Our debt of gratitude and appreciation is due Mr. Clarence R. Brown, our first musical director, who did so much to set a high standard for the musical life of the college and community.

14. "Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
For the sound of a voice that is still."

Our class has seen this loved Alma Mater go through the deep waters of affliction, when it seemed that the great billows must wreck her very soul, but in that black and hopeless hour, a strong, wise hand grasped her helm, and has guided her onward and upward to a further fulfillment of her ideals. For him whose hand guides the helm we are glad, and to him give loyal greetings and support.

15. In two short decades we have seen our Alma Mater grow from a little band of 225 earnest girls to the strongest woman's college in the State, a great institution where more than a thousand girls receive instruction and inspiration for life's duties.

Her influence is felt in every public school in the State, not only through the thousands of her daughters, who in almost every county of the State are training countless future citizens and inculcating in them the high ideals of citizenship and usefulness on which they are nurtured at the Normal College, but it is the proudest boast of certain of our most successful city schools that their graduates can enter without examination her doors and those of Chapel Hill alike.

16. "New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth.
They must upward, still and on-ward,

Who would keep abreast of truth."

And it is with joy that we note many changes and improvements since we were inmates of the Normal College.

Two weeks before the opening of the school my roommate and I came to assist in preparations for the opening. We were guests in Dr. Melver's home. A herculean task awaited two inexperienced girls. The Main Dormitory, later burned, was just as the carpenters left it. With our hands we rolled out lime barrels, nail kegs, carpenters' benches, left-over lumber, etc., etc. In the two weeks every room was made dainty and clean, furniture arranged, and on opening night a candle placed in every window to lead cheer to the arrival of 200 girls, who had to sleep that night on beds devoid of pillow or cover.

There was not one "old girl" to comfort or pilot the home-sick crowd—all were new and practically all were strange—for there had been no "Normal" to bind together in one big family the young womanhood of the State. For the next few days our chief occupation was attempting to comfort and cheer the homesick ones.

Can these girls of 1911 imagine the Normal without water—without baths—without light? Such it was—each girl took her own picher to the well in the yard as often as she needed water. Each one cared for her own oil lamp, and for baths depended on her wash bowl. So unsatisfactory was our heating, that the same oil lamps were called into requisition on very cold days, and frequently the ice had to be broken in our pitchers before we could indulge in our morning baths.

Where the Students' Building now stands was the college barn. Not far from the site of the Spencer Building was a little

stream in which we used to wade after minnows. The front campus was largely an unsightly marsh and bare of trees.

We were in the woods literally. At that time Greensboro Female College was almost in the country, and scarcely a house between the two colleges. We were not guilty of pavements—only a path and a country road let us into Greensboro—while Pomona was such a long, lonely country walk that only occasionally, and in groups, was it undertaken. Mr. Forney's home, I think, was the only house between the College and J. Van Lindley's.

We were so far "out of town" that it was considered unsafe almost for us to walk back and forth, but we were dependent on "the town hack". When this hack drove up for one or more of us, every one ran out, and so many gave commissions that we could not really attend to our own business.

Our laundry was in a two-roomed wooden cabin, on the sight of the present laundry—the work was done by negro women.

Our dining room was cared for by the girls themselves, two from each table washing dishes in rotation, and happy the Senior who presided, for only she escaped this duty. Can the present Senior Class conceive of a graduation gown, the price of which was limited to one dollar each?

And yet I assure you a bevy of more dainty, charming girls would be hard to find than my colleagues of '93.

In lieu of pavements a board walk extended from the dormitory to President McIver's home.

The beginning of our library was a donation of reference books by Dr. and Mrs. McIver, from their private collection, augmented by a subscription from the faculty, and housed in the administration room.

We had no infirmary, and many other things have been changed as much.

This coming back annually to our Alma Mater is good for us. It revives our youth, it keeps alive and strengthens our ideals. I am sure no daughter of hers ever returned to these walls without receiving an inspiration to higher, fuller, holier living, and as life goes on, should any of us achieve a great service for our fellowman, our chief incentive will be the "well done" in the plaudits of our Alma Mater.

As I listened to the words of our eloquent speaker this morning telling of the humiliating position of North Carolina—educationally—among her sister states, the thought came to me, What a power in revolutionizing public sentiment our student body here might be!

Nearly 1000 young lives, just entering upon their usefulness, nurtured here for years upon the best our State can give! My dear young friends, we have a great responsibility resting upon us.

On the day our beloved founder died, there was borne to me a message from him, which I will read to you:

A DREAM

On September 17, before the awful news was told to me, I slept and dreamed of Dr. McIver. I saw his beloved face and form as clearly and distinctly as ever in my waking hours.

As I lay sleeping, there came this dream to me.

My truest friend, a master builder, led me forth upon a mountain top, that towering far above the clouds, was bathed in glorious light.

As there we stood upon this bare bald, rounded mountain peak, alone as on an island in a boundless sea of snowy, billowy clouds, he pointed out to me what I had not seen before, a great white structure, rising from this mountain top. Its walls were built of great white blocks of purest marble.

We stood and looked upon the beauty and the grandeur of its flawless masonry, and as we gazed, we neither saw nor heard any sign of builders' tools, nor noise, nor dust of human workmanship, but pure, spotless, polished as the shining snow, sculptured into perfect symmetry, silently, slowly, each dazzling block was lifted by invisible hands and fitted into place. And so the shining walls rose higher until one-half the perfect structure towered far beyond the power of my poor eyes to follow.

The unfinished wall near where we stood, rose block by block, as a giant marble stairway, leading upward to the finished wall. Upon the ground around us lay countless blocks for future building.

My dream was changed. My friend was gone. I stood alone, and darkness, as the pall of night, came down upon the mountain top. The silence and the loneliness of an empty world oppressed me.

From out the darkness, there came these words to me, "I have shown you how. Complete the structure." My dream became a parable. The mountain top, on which we stood, was the view of life, to which my friend had led me. This glorious structure—his soul's ideal—he had brought me there to see. The finished walls, the parts which he had builded. The shining, pure white blocks, were noble deeds of service for his fellowman. The unfinished walls, the parts of the master builder's dream not yet fulfilled.

My dream was ended. "I awoke, and, behold, even as I dreamed, so was it, now that my sleep had gone."

My dream had been a prophecy and I understood. My friend, who had oft led me up the mountain side of duty, and pointed out to me new visions of the beauty of life and service, was gone. I stood alone and the silence and darkness of "a new and an awful loneliness" encompassed me.

Clear and true ring out the master builder's words to us, his friends. "I have shown you how. Complete the structure."

MAUDE B. GOODWIN.

"We have need of patience with ourselves, and with others; with those below, and those above us, and with our own equals; with those who love us, and those who love us not; against sudden inroads or trouble, and under our daily burdens; in our own failure of duty, or others' failure toward us; in disappointment, bereavement, losses; in heaviness of the heart, or in sickness amid delayed hopes. In all these things patience is the grace of God, whereby we endure evil for the love of God."—E. B. Pusey.

NEWS FROM AFRICA

Louise Dixon Crane

Many times since I reached Africa have I thought of writing a note at least to my old College home; but have put it off until I had more time. I believe I am the only Normal girl in Africa, certainly in this part, and I don't want to get entirely out of the mind of my college friends.

We had a most delightful journey of three months, including three weeks in London, and reached Luebo, our home, the last of April. Here, of course, we received a warm welcome from missionaries and natives and soon felt that we had lived in Africa all our lives. Our home is a little six room mud cottage made of mud and sticks, whitewashed inside and outside, thatched roof, and mud floors covered with native matting. Our furniture except beds and chairs, is all native made and while plain looks fine with pretty cretoun hangings. I think it is the cosiest, sweetest little home in the world and I know we couldn't be happier anywhere else.

The work is hard; but very interesting. My work is almost entirely with the women many of whom are just learning the alphabet. I have them in the day school in a separate building from the children, and have four native men to help me teach them the alphabet, reading, writing, and a little number work. My special class, the most advanced, are just finishing the Parables and are doing so well. Their books are first and second readers, Parables, Romans, and Bible Stories. Then I have the women in a prayer and song service one afternoon and in a sewing class another.

Recently I've had a very ill native woman and baby in a room in my yard and have had a time nursing her for three weeks. Tell Dr. Gove she wouldn't know me in my new role of nurse. I'm green but am learning. This last case I had we are so happy over for she is about well now. Dr. Coppedge and I were so anxious to win for the sake of other native women who are so superstitious they seldom give us full control of a case.

The women are the hardest and most unattractive set we have to deal with, noisy, childish, and "fussy", but I am becoming so much interested in them, and hope to help them a little. Won't you tell the girls of the Y. W. C. A. something of their need, and ask them to pray especially for the women of this dark land? They have all the hard work to do, water to carry, wood to bring from the forest, fields to work, corn to pound or grind, and cooking beside. Do you wonder that they can't come to school regularly and so are very ignorant and untrained?

Luebo is just lovely and the climate is fine. We sleep under a blanket nearly every night. The abundance of fruits, vegetables, etc., makes our fare very good, too. We almost have to pinch ourselves sometimes to realize we are really in Africa.

No seed was ever sown within the mind That failed of final fruitage; nor a day That passes by would e'er elude our grasp, Did we petition it with wise requests. Until it laid its blessing at our feet.

—B. R. Bulkeley.

ALUMNAE NEWS

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Laura H. Coit,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th
day of October, 1912.

H. P. Leak.

(My commission expires Oct. 3rd, 1914.)
Alumnae Association (Inc.)

President—Miss Annie Martin McIver.
Vice-President—Miss Hester Struthers.
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COLLEGE NOTES

"Thou that teachest another, teachest
thou not thyself?"

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

"Each must select the hero after whom
To climb the steep and difficult ascent
Of high Olympus."

JANUARY HEROES

19th. Robert Edward Lee.

The knightliest knight that ever bore sword.
"His strength was as ten thousand men
Because his heart was pure."

21st. Thomas Jonathan Jackson.

The most picturesque figure in the Civil War. A military genius, noted for his devotion to duty, intensity of purpose, strength of will, and purity of life.

22nd. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

Goethe said of him: "There may be as shrewd and intelligent men, but where can you find such a character?" By virtue of his fearless manliness and his pure and passionate love of truth he became the foremost modern critic and the Apostle of Religious Freedom.

FEBRUARY HEROES

3rd. Sidney Lanier.

"To all men everywhere who care for whatsoever things are excellent and lovely and of good report his life is a precious heritage."

"His song was only living aloud—
His work a singing with his hand."

7th. Charles Dickens.

"To have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts."

12th. Abraham Lincoln.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right."

22nd. George Washington.

"I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an Honest Man."

ARTIST AND FACULTY RECITALS

The fourth of the series of artist and faculty recitals was given in the First Presbyterian Church, on the afternoon of December 19th. It was a beautiful organ recital by Mr. Brown, assisted by his wife. The program follows:

Sonata in C minor No. 2

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Grave—Adagio; Allegro Maestoso; Fuga

Mendelssohn is one of the few composers who has written music for the organ, and the Six Sonatas, Op. 65, occupy a very high place in the organist's repertoire. Strictly speaking, they are not Sonatas at all, as the real Sonata Form is conspicuously absent, but they are compositions of very great beauty, and were epoch-making in being the first to give greater freedom of expression to the organ and to make use of its varied resources.

The second Sonata opens with a short introduction which leads into a beautiful Adagio in which a dialogue is carried on between treble and tenor registers. A bright martial movement follows, after which a spirited Fugue brings the Sonata to a close.

Abide With Me Samuel Liddle

Madrigal James H. Rogers

Mr. Rogers is a composer and organist of note residing in Cleveland; born at Fair Haven, Conn., in 1857. He is best known by his songs, although he has written many pieces for the organ.

The Holy Night Dudley Buck

The composer has written this composition after the verse motto:

"There were shepherds abiding in the field,
Keeping watch over their flocks by night."

The work is more or less descriptive, the following thoughts being suggested:

Moonlight in Bethlehem's Plain.

The Shepherd's Call.

Carol of the Shepherds.

The Angels.

The Message.

Song of the Heavenly Host.

O, Come All Ye Faithful.

Dudley Buck, born at Hartford, Conn., March 10, 1839, died at West Orange, N. J., October 6, 1909. He was one of the first of American composers to achieve general recognition. He was for twenty-five years organist of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn (1877-1902).

Recit. and Aria, "He Shall Feed His

Flock," from "Messiah"

George Frederick Handel

March of the Magi Theodore Dubois

The sustained high tone is intended to suggest the star which guided the wise men to Bethlehem. Theodore Dubois (b. 1837), formerly organist of the Madeleine, and, since 1896, director of the Paris Conservatory. He is a member of the Academy and an officer of the Legion of Honor. He is famous not only as a writer of organ music, but has many works to his credit in the larger forms, such as symphonies, operas, oratorios and masses.

Night of Nights ..Beardsley Van de Water

Hallelujah Chorus, George Frederick Handel

George Frederick Handel, one of the world's

most gifted musicians, was born at Halle, in 1685, and died in 1759. His greatest work, the oratorio "Messiah", from which this chorus is taken, was written in twenty-one days and was dedicated to the Irish people. He said of the Hallelujah Chorus, "I did think I saw all heaven before me, and the Great God himself." The Messiah was given in England in 1743 and the audience was quite carried away with its beauty, and when the Hallelujah Chorus began with its "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," they all, the King included, sprang to their feet and remained standing until the chorus ended. This instance originated the custom of standing during this chorus.

Mr. Brown is a real artist and so is Mrs. Brown. Her voice is a rich contralto, under perfect control. Her enunciation is faultless and the whole effect of her singing is wonderfully satisfying.

On Saturday evening, January 4th, Miss Churchill gave in our College auditorium a piano recital. Mrs. Brown was to have assisted Miss Churchill, but was not well enough to do so. The program consisted of the following numbers:

Faschingschwank (Carnival of Venice)

Schumann

Romance in D flat Sibelius

Reflets dans l'eau Debussy

Dumka Tchaikowsky

Scherzo, B flat minor Chopin

Miss Churchill played with feeling and discrimination and won hearty applause. The simplicity of her "stage manner" and her unaffected womanliness compel admiration, while her devotion to her chosen art and her winsome personality are steadily gaining friends for her. On the afternoon preceding her recital she gave the following analysis of her program:

Faschingschwank means *Carnival Pranks*. The first movement is a pompous, impassioned march with sharp, energetic accentuation and many contrasting points suggesting the various moods of the carnival.

When many of the European countries were ruled by the Church of Rome, two months before Lent were set apart for diversion. This period was called Carnival time. During this time the streets were decorated with gay flags and everyone gave himself up to pleasure. Poor and rich wore fancy costumes and took part in balls, or watched them, and played mad pranks upon one another. On the first night there was a grand march led by King Carnival in his car. He was dressed in scarlet velvet and ermine. Other traditional figures always presented in this procession are Pantolon, a Venetian merchant, and Arlecchino, who went to Venice to make his fortune, a jester who wears for a belt a string of sausages, and frequent groups of red devils with long, red horns.

On the last night of the Carnival the report of a gun gives the signal for the cessation of festivities. It is midnight and Shrove Tuesday has begun. The merry-makers go in costume to the churches and put ashes on their heads.

Schumann wrote his Faschingschwank in Vienna at a time when the Marseillaise Hymn was legally prohibited. He played a joke on the police by introducing it into the piece in a somewhat disguised form. He thought it great sport that it escaped the notice of the officials.

Sibelius is a Finlander who has two strikingly contrasted sides to his nature, one, gentle and sweet—the other rugged and

stormy. His Romance in D flat is very characteristic of his temperament.

Debussy is a Frenchman whose music is remarkable in that he uses very little melody. He is fond of veiled, shadowy, mysterious effects. Many of his compositions are fleeting impressions of nature "Reflections in the Water" is an especially good example of this style.

Tschaikowsky is a Russian composer. *Dumka* means "meditation". The piece is a Russian folk-song with variations, the several variations being in the rhythm of different folk-dances. The frequently recurring waved chord is an imitation of the sound of a peculiar little musical instrument made by the peasants. All Russian folk-music is sad. The peasants are under great oppression and are not allowed to express their thoughts at all freely. If they dared to do so, they would be arrested, and perhaps sent to Siberia. So when they feel sad, or glad, they sing—that is their outlet.

Scherzo is the Italian word for "jest". A Scherzo should therefore really be a playful, humorous composition, but Chopin has in his Scherzo, B flat minor used the term to denote a fanciful piece.

Schumann compared this Scherzo to a poem of Byron's—as full of love as of scorn. The opening triplets are a question. A scornful answer follows. Then comes a beautiful melody expressing love and happiness. The middle part is wondering and full of longing. The development leads to a brilliant close.

We are gladder about the rapid improvement in the music department than we can say. These recitals are of great cultural value to all of us whose intellectual and spiritual natures crave more and better music than we have been having in the College. If any person in the world needs to have an appreciation of really good music, that person is a teacher. This College, by keeping music in the background, has robbed us and our state's little children of our simple rights in regard to music. But our Alma Mater has turned over a new leaf and we trust she will never turn it backwards. We owe Miss McAllester and Mr. Brown a rising vote of thanks for doing away with that Grammar School March that used to form so large a part of our chapel exercises. We owe Mr. Brown inexpressible thanks for procuring for our use a College Hymnal that contains no sentimental, doggerel and no "Dicky Bird" music. Now if some one would only write a noble poem that we could use as our official College hymn! The College song we have is pretty and its music sweet, but neither is great enough to stand the test of time. *Wanted—a College Hymn* that will endure by virtue of its own strength and beauty! The poem given, the music department can easily furnish an appropriate musical setting. Who will be our poet?

AN ECHO FROM THE TEACHERS' ASSEMBLY

The State Association of Music Teachers met and organized on Thursday morning, November 28th, with our Mr. Wade R. Brown as acting president. Mrs. W. J.

Ferrell, of Meredith College, acted as secretary.

One of the principal features of the Association this year was the discussion of public school music. That was made specially interesting and helpful by Mr. Ralph L. Baldwin, Supervisor of Music in the City Schools of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Baldwin is also one of the foremost teachers of Music pedagogy in the United States, and we all felt very fortunate in being able to hear him. He was present at every meeting and entered into all the discussions, giving us valuable advice and great inspiration.

The session on Friday morning was given entirely to Mr. Baldwin who gave a most instructive talk on "Music in the Schools".

On Friday afternoon, splendid papers were read by Mrs. Ferrell, and Miss Florence Hunt of Greensboro. Both of these papers had to do with the early musical training of children. Miss Hunt showed us something of her method through several of her little pupils.

At the last session the officers for the new year were elected. Mr. Wade R. Brown was unanimously elected President and Mr. Hagedorn of Meredith College was elected Vice-President. Miss Truitt, Supervisor of Music in the City Schools of Asheville, was elected Secretary.

We all felt that our Association had made a good beginning as every session was well attended and at each time we learned something beneficial.

ETHEL LEWIS HARRIS.

The senior editor must needs add a postscript to Miss Harris's interesting news. If we had gotten nothing from the Teachers' Assembly but the privilege of listening to Mr. Baldwin's scholarly and sane words in regard to music, we would have been glad to pay our membership fee many times over. In this connection we beg our readers' earnest attention to the following doctrine:

"The Art of any age is complementary to the Thought of the age. The musician is the complement of the scientist. Darwin boldly takes hold of Nature as if it were a rose, pulls it to pieces, puts it under a microscope, and reports to us what he saw without fear or favor. Beethoven, approaching the same good Nature, finds it a beautiful whole. Pursuing the synthetic process, he shows it to us as a perfect rose. So the scientist may superintend our knowing, the musician will superintend our loving."

"Mr. Herbert Spencer says we cannot think God, but we can think toward God. The catechism's definition: 'God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, unchangeable', etc., is a thinking toward Him. Now just as persistently as our thought seeks Him, does our emotion seek Him; and as our love is not subject to the disabilities of our thought, it may be that our love can reach nearer its Object."

"It cannot be that music has taken its place in the deepest and holiest matters of man's life through mere fortuitous arrangement. Let us not pester ourselves by remembering how such and such a musician was a profligate, a beast, a trifier, and so on. This is only submitting ourselves to what our wise Emerson calls the tyranny of particulars. The clear judgment in the matter is to be formed by looking at the

consummate masters of the art. Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven were artists and they loved goodness, because goodness is beautiful. The true artist will not remain a bad man. Because the good is beautiful he will clamber continuously toward it in spite of all possible falls."

During the latter years of his life Darwin wondered if the higher part of his brain had not been injured, while his mind had become 'a machine for grinding general laws out of facts'. He could no longer enjoy either poetry or music, but, too honest and too wise to sneer at poets and musicians, he grieved sincerely over his loss. His statement of the case should be a reproof to lesser minds who are prone to condemn in a College curriculum, or elsewhere, what they do not fancy. He said:

"A man with a mind more highly organized than mine would not, I suppose, have suffered thus; and if I had to live my life again, I should make it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and, more probably, to the moral character."

WITH THE FACULTY

Miss Jamison, head of the Domestic Science Department of the College, delivered on November 6th the second of a series of lectures before the Household Economics Department of the Woman's Club of Greensboro. Her third lecture will be given in February.

At a recent gathering of High Point people Miss Annie Petty gave an address in the interest of a campaign which is being waged in that town for a Carnegie library.

At the annual meeting of the Southern Association of Preparatory Schools and Colleges held in Spartanburg, S. C., November 14th and 15th, Dr. Foust, Miss Mendenhall and Dr. Gove were present as representatives of our College.

Miss Mary Petty recently gave a talk on "The Adulteration of Foods" to the Woman's Club of High Point.

The Greensboro branch of the United Daughters of the Confederacy presented at the opera house during Thanksgiving week a very delightful kirmess for the benefit of its monument fund. Mrs. Sharpe, Miss McAllester and Miss Washburn were quite busy during the fall helping with the training of the dancers.

During the Teachers' Assembly, Mr. Wade R. Brown acting as president, organized the State Association of Music Teachers. Miss Sue Nash, of the Training School, gave a paper and led a discussion at one of the sessions of the Grammar Grade Teachers' Association.

Mr. W. C. Jackson delivered a lecture before the North Carolina Literary and Historical Society at Raleigh, December 4th. His subject was "The College Student and North Carolina History".

On December 13th and 14th Dr. E. W. Gudger gave before the Woman's Club and teachers of Goldsboro two very interesting

and instructive lectures on "Yeasts and Molds, Friends and Enemies of the House-keeper", and "Bacteria and Sanitation".

Mr. W. C. Smith has begun a series of lectures on "The Idylls of the King", before the Literature Department of the Woman's Club of Greensboro.

Dr. Foust is absent from the College so often now that we realize that the legislature is in session. We earnestly hope that every Normal alumna will keep her College and its needs constantly in mind at this time and as she has opportunity press its claims on those who are to decide upon its appropriation for the next two years. Go forward we must—yet how can we without larger equipment? Surely none can better make this fact known and felt throughout the state than the alumnae themselves. We can be of more service than we know in thus upholding the hands of our beloved President, who must now bear the burden and heat of the day.

God bless him now and always! God grant that we may be the human help he most needs in the work he does so bravely and unselfishly!

The eighteenth annual meeting of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools was held in Spartanburg, South Carolina, on November 14th and 15th, 1912.

The main discussion of the meeting centered about what is known as the accrediting system.

It was discussed both from the view point of the preparatory school and of the college, and the papers read almost without exception emphasized the absolute necessity for more adequate and rigid supervision of the accrediting or certification of students. Indeed the task of the Southern Association at this time seems to be the perfecting of this system which all admit is so far from perfect.

Excellent papers and addresses were given and it was the general opinion of these men who have given an immense amount of time and study to these questions that any certifying system to be efficient and adequate must be reinforced by subjecting the schools so admitted to careful examination.

Superficial examinations of reports sent in by superintendents and principals is not considered sufficient. These must be reinforced by thorough and complete inspection and examination of the schools, as well as by a careful testing of the students prepared by them. This latter method, testing the preparatory schools by the quality of work done by their students entering college—is the basis of certification used by the New England College Entrance Requirement Board.

It is comforting to find that these problems are general, and that ours is not the only College which must meet and solve them if we are to do *real college work*, and take the stand for breadth and depth of scholarship which was the dream of our founder and is the hope of our alumnae.

Faculty and students were given a real treat at chapel exercises Friday, December 13th, when Mrs. Brown, Miss Severson and Miss Ethel Harris sang three selections from the oratorio "Elijah".

COLLEGE AND ALUMNAE NEWS

The twenty-ninth annual session of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly was held in Greensboro during Thanksgiving week. It would be difficult to determine just how many Normal alumnae and former students attended these meetings but it is certainly true that they made up quite a large percentage of the number present. A committee from the Woman's Club of Greensboro, which had in charge the assignment of homes to the teachers, sent to the Normal as many "old girls" as the College could accommodate. It was quite gratifying to hear the others begging for boarding places as near the Normal as possible. All the doors of the College were thrown open to its daughters and the two literary societies held special meetings to welcome back their old members. Beginning with the opening session Wednesday night and closing with the business meeting Saturday morning there was a feeling of good fellowship throughout the entire Assembly. The names of many alumnae and former students appeared on the programs of the different associations and the College was justly proud of its daughters. The fourth general session of the Assembly was held Friday evening in the Normal auditorium and this hall was taxed to its utmost capacity at that time. The address of the evening was given by Dr. George D. Strayer, Professor in Teachers' College, Columbia University. At the close of the meeting an informal reception was given to the teachers and visitors of the Assembly by the Senior Class in the two society halls.

But to a Normal alumna any account of the Assembly would be incomplete without at least a slight mention of the third annual inter-society debate which took place at the College Thanksgiving night. This was the first opportunity which many of the old girls had had of attending one of these debates and interest was high. The subject this year was, "Resolved, that the Governor of North Carolina should possess veto power under the same conditions as the President of the United States." Corinna Mial and Willie May Stratford debated on the affirmative side for the Corneliens while Katherine Robinson and Lillian Crisp were the Adelphean debaters on the negative side. The judges decided in favor of the negative. All of the debaters spoke well and one of the judges later remarked that this debate compared favorably with any he had ever heard.

The annual Christmas bazaar of the Young Women's Christian Association was held in the gymnasium Friday night, December 6th. There was realized quite a gratifying sum which will be used in sending delegates to the Y. W. C. A. Conference of the South Atlantic States, held each summer at Blue Ridge, near Black Mountain, N. C.

A special committee of legislators and educators from the State of Maryland visited the College during December for the purpose of inspecting buildings and grounds and of gaining ideas for the erection of a new Maryland Normal. "An appropriation for building the Maryland Woman's College

was made at the last legislature and it was because the North Carolina College is regarded as one of the most modern in the Country that a special appropriation was made to defray the expenses of the committee on inspection here", said one member of the party. They stated that they were especially pleased with the homelike appearance of the new Senior dormitory which has recently been completed and with the up-to-date appearance of the science building.

The Christmas service of the Y. W. C. A. held Sunday night preceeding the closing of College for the holidays was very sweet and impressive. There was special music including "Silent Night", and "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing", and Mrs. Sharpe read a Christmas selection from Milton and Longfellow's "Three Kings". At the request of Dr. Foust, Mrs. Sharpe continuing this same theme gave a series of Christmas readings from the different poets at chapel exercises the following week.

About thirty girls spent the Christmas vacation at the College and from all reports they seem to have thoroughly enjoyed the usual Christmas tree, candy "pullings" and tacky parties. Faculty and students returned from the holidays Thursday, January 2nd, and the New Year's work of the College began at 8:30 Friday morning in spite of a raging wind and rain storm.

Miss Alice Churchill, of the Department of Music, gave a piano recital in the auditorium, January 4th.

On Friday night, December 10th, the students of the College were allowed to attend a lecture given at Greensboro College by Mr. William Sterling Battis, the well known impersonator of Dickens.

WEDDING BELLS

It has sometimes been stated that "Normal girls" do not marry. The following is proof sufficient against any such charge:

Maude Miller, '00-'02, to Mr. Herbert Allen Birdsall, December 11, 1912.

Cora Dixon, '02-'04, to Mr. Cyrus Johnson, December 11, 1912.

Agnes Moring, '04-'05, to Mr. John Milton Porter, January 14, 1913.

Pearl Cable, '04-'05, to Mr. Lawrence Elliott Gordon, December, 1912. They are living in Marion, Va.

Lee Lentz, '04-'08, to Mr. Clarence Keever, November 29. They are living in Hickory.

Blanche Hanes, '08, to Mr. Frank Clement, December 23, 1912.

Helen Parker, '07-'09, to Mr. Chas. I. Pierce. They are living in Smithfield.

Eva Goforth, '07-'08, to Mr. William Jefferson Barker, November 15th, 1912. They are living at Elon College.

Kathleen Clark, '02-'03, to Dr. William Jackson Weaver, of Leicester, November 27, 1912.

Carrie Marshall, '03-'04, to Mr. William T. Ford, November 21, 1912.

Laura Weill, '10, to Mr. David Stern, November 15th, 1912. They are living in Greensboro.

Annie Morrow, '03-'07, to Mr. J. Wilbur Newlin.

Kathleen Crawford, '08-'11, to Mr. E. B. Wooten, November 22, 1912.

Emma Jessup, '10-'11, to Mr. Henry Clay Sullivan, November 20, 1912. They are living in Suffolk, Va.

Eva Moore, '08 fall, to Mr. James L. Cherry, December 18th.

Sara Hanes, '07-'08, to Mr. Thomas Stone, January 29, 1912.

Mary Walden Williamson, '09-'11, is now Mrs. Landon C. Bell, and is living in Asheville.

May Vickery, '11, is now Mrs. Jarvis Faucette, of Brown Summit.

Hortense Cowan, '04-'05, is now Mrs. Samuel McDearman, of Rocky Mount.

Fan Bostian, '07-'09, is now Mrs. Leroy Miller, of Linwood.

Effie Holland, '09-'10, is now Mrs. Ernest Woodward, of Selma.

Joe Simpson, '06-'10, is now Mrs. John Callahan. We hope she will soon bring John Jr., aged two months, to see us.

OTHER NEWS

Annie M. Page, '93, is happy and successful in her work of teaching French and German in a High School of Georgia.

Gertrude Baghy, '94, now Mrs. W. M. Creasy, of Wilmington, has two children, Helen Dunn and William Murlin, Jr. She is still a loyal alumna and often speaks of the time when little Helen will enter the Normal.

Etta Spier, '95, has the pleasure of a month's vacation in New York City following the Christmas holidays. She will visit the Horace Mann School, and other schools in and around New York.

A letter from Barnette Miller, '95, written from Constantinople College, where she is teaching, brings the good news that she is planning to be in America after June, 1913. She has had some remarkable experiences during the Turkish-Balkan war.

Mrs. W. K. Hartsell, '96, is now living in Greensboro. In replying to a request to write a sketch of her class for the Annual, she says, "My life is full just now; but I am always ready and willing to do anything I can for my Alma Mater."

Mrs. Nellie Bond Askev, '97, writes a cheery letter from her home in Windsor, where she says she has "sunshine all day long, and pretty pines and cedars". In this same letter, she enclosed a substantial donation to the McIver Loan Fund. We are glad to know that she is greatly improved in health.

Mrs. H. B. Fisher, nee Anna Folsom, '98, is now living in Hoquian, Wash. She writes, "I found many things of interest in the Alumnae News."

A busy, happy year thus far is reported by Miss Dameron, '98, at Columbia, and Misses Parker, '03, and Snyder, '03, at the University of Chicago.

We sympathize with Antoinette Burwell, '96-'98, in the recent death of her husband, Mr. Norwood Spicer, of Goldsboro.

Elizabeth Howell, '00, who graduated in 1912 from the Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia, has secured a good position in the Flagler Hospital, St. Augustine, Florida.

Elizabeth Zoeller, '01, has a niece in College this year, Shelton Zoeller, of Elizabeth City.

Mary Horne Bridgers, '03, gave all her College friends much pleasure by visiting the College during the Teachers' Assembly. This was her first visit to us since her graduation.

We received Christmas greetings from Rosa Wells, '04, who is at home in Wilson after her visit to the Old World.

May Hendrix, '05, is spending the winter at the Missionary Training School of the Methodist Church.

Carrie Graeber, '06, is now living in Salisbury. She is teaching in Greenville, N. C.

Mary Robinson, '07, is now with her parents in Morven. She spent a pleasant month in Montreat and returned to Morven to be present at the marriage of her sister, Eleanor.

Mary Burwell Strudwick, '07, is enjoying her handsome new home on Mendenhall Street. We are glad that the family are near the College.

Edna Forney, '08, is now assisting Mr. Forney in the Bursar's office, and has charge of the book room.

Mattie Williams, '08, has taken the work of Annie Martin McIver, '05, who has resigned her position in the Training School.

Clara Sloan and Cora Hart, the Siamese twins of '09, are, as usual, teaching together—this year in Gastonia.

We regret to learn that Bessie Canble, '09, recently lost her father.

Annie Davis, '10, is spending the winter at Dr. White's Bible School, in New York City. She is preparing for foreign missionary work as soon as her health will permit.

Nora Carpenter, '11, sent Christmas Greetings from the University of Tennessee.

Annie Goodloe Brown, '11, is teaching at Valle Crucis.

Amy Joseph, '12, has departed somewhat from the usual path trodden by Normal graduates. In partnership with Eunice Bizzell, '09-'10, she has opened in Goldsboro, a tea room similar to those of the larger towns of the north. Those who have had the pleasure of visiting the establishment, say they cannot speak too highly in its praise.

NEWS FROM KOREA

Miss Lavalette Dupuy, who was a teacher in the Training School last year, writes from Korea: "I'm crazy about this place!" Although she adds later, "Sometimes I am so homesick to teach my blessed children again." She gives a most interesting account of her study of the language. "I took one day to get my bearings, then begged for a Korean teacher, and got down to business. As the old negro remarked, this language 'ain't no picnic!' and I realize keenly the need of working, watching, and praying constantly to acquire it. Already I've gotten to work. This afternoon I went over to teach the girls in the Girls School crocheting. Mrs. Swinehart has the class and I'm helping. It was such fun. I learned to count in Korean and Chinese, counting stitches with them, and they were so pleased when I said, 'Thank you', and a few other phrases I've learned. I work

with my teacher from nine to one o'clock each day. At two in the afternoons Mr. Knox has been helping us in salutations, phrases, etc., for about two hours. Then from five to six Mary Dodson and I go walking and practice our phrases on any chick or child we chance to meet, which is 'dandy' good for us and not much waste of time for them."

DO NOT HIDE YOUR SMILE

Effie Cain, '97-'96, now at the Thomasville Orphanage

A nurse had been in charge of one of the halls of a hospital for some time. One day one of her patients, a railroad conductor, said to her: "I want to tell you your fault." The nurse was busy and so she passed on to other patients and other duties. But later, hoping to obtain some helpful suggestion, she went back to ask what fault the patient had discovered. He said: "You try to hide your smile. Don't do it. Just let it come." Then he told her he had often noticed that in her work she checked the smile that started to brighten her face, and he had decided that in her school work—she had taught for years—she had deemed it unwise, in the presence of her pupils, to give free play to the smiles provoked in the class room, and the habit had grown. The pupil-nurse thanked the conductor and promised to study her lesson.

She was a Normal girl. Thinking of the other girls who have gone out from the Normal College to teach, she wonders if any of those others have hidden their smiles from their pupils. She is sure they have sought to make school-work pleasant, to weave into each day's web some bright colors. To this end our Alma Mater trained us. But "lest we forget", lest under the weight of stern responsibilities, we drift too far from the instructions of the great Teacher, who said, "Rejoice and be exceedingly glad," it is well to halt and ascertain whether we are putting enough of gladness into our work. "Let the smile come." Not only for the alumnae who teach, but for the alumnae in every sphere, there is opportunity to brighten the way for others with a smile.

So, in behalf of the weary, the care-worn, the sad, in behalf of little children, that Normal girl and pupil-nurse sends this message to the alumnae: "Do not hide your smile. Just let it come."

IN MEMORIAM

Bessie Sutton, '94-'97, November 21, 1912, in Kinston.

Annie Burns Wilhelm, '05-'09, July 16, 1912.

Sophronia Langston, '93-'94, July, 1912, in Goldsboro.

Stella Grimsley, '93-'96, December 1, 1912, in Greensboro.

Mrs. H. F. Brinson, nee Daisy Wilson, '07, in June, 1912, in Sarah Leigh Hospital, Norfolk.

"The teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

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